

RANDOM CLIPPINGS.

Highway robberies are becoming frequent in Montreal.

Prof. SIMON NEWCOMB, the astronomer is off on a pleasure jaunt to Europe.

There are few towns in England under 20,000 inhabitants which have a daily paper.

The small volcano discovered about a year ago near Santa Maria, Cal., is still burning.

SENATOR JOSEPH BROWN, of Georgia, pays taxes on real estate in Atlanta worth \$400,000.

AMEE sailed for Paris Wednesday. She will return about Sept. 1, and begin her second season in English.

Ex-Gov. PROCTOR and Judge Powers say they will not enter the field against Edmunds for the Vermont senatorship.

An oil well is to be sunk in the city of Los Angeles, Cal. It is expected that the oil stratum will be tapped at less than three hundred feet.

LIEUT. T. H. BARBER, who recently resigned his position as aide-de-camp to Gen. Hancock, is one of the three wealthiest officers in the army.

SENATOR MILLER, of California, who now is the chief stockholder of the Alaska Commercial company, is making a journey along the coast of Alaska.

SAN FRANCISCO Chinese are not content with the monopoly of the laundry business in the city, but they control 19-100ths of the pork industry as well.

The president's face is said to indicate the hard work he has undergone and his form to be steadily increasing in weight from his enforced lack of exercise.

NED BENTLEY—Col. E. Z. C. Judson—has averaged \$20,000 a year for the last ten years by the sale of his stories. He is well-to-do, and has a beautiful home in the Catskills. He has written nearly four hundred novels.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and the members of his cabinet have lately received a good many telegraphic messages obviously written by insane persons. There is one sane feature to the telegrams. They are marked: "Collect."

REV. WM. M. BLACKBURN, D. D., late president of the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks, has accepted the presidency of Pierre university, and will at once remove his family to East Pierre and enter on the duties of his office.

A western citizen who had been worried in a fight was told he could collect damages. "I did collect damages," he replied, mournfully. "I collected everything but a piece of my left ear and two front teeth; I couldn't find those."

YOUNG man says an exchange, it is the girl who will pass an ice-cream season without looking in him who will make you a good wife. But beware of the girl that can look in without going in. She is too strong-minded for the average man.

One of the greatest puzzles to the observing spectator who watched the youngsters playing Copenhagen at the children's jubilee yesterday was to know why those little girls who fought so hard against being kissed played in the game at all. They didn't have to.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

The archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Winchester, the dean of Winchester, and Canon Prothero, will officiate at the marriage of the Princess Beatrice, and the service will be fully choral. The bridegroom will be attended at the altar by his unmarried brothers, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria and Prince Francis of Hattenberg. The princess will be "supported" by the queen and the prince of Wales, and she will be given away by her majesty. There are to be ten bridesmaids, all nieces of the bride—the daughters of the prince of Wales (three), of the duke of Edinburgh (three), of Prince Christian (two), and of the grand duke of Hesse (two).

MR. BAUDREY, of the privy council offices at Ottawa, is about to present to the secretary of state the original manuscript register of baptisms, burials, etc., of Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, Pa., dating back to 1753. There are already a number of records in the state department relating to this important French stronghold, which was built by the Marquis Duquesne, governor of the colony, in 1756. Among the curious entries in the register is that of the baptism of Marie Louise Harter, daughter of Patrick Harter, "Irish by nation," and Francis Langham, a marginal note stating in French that the mother was stolen by Indians on the 9th of July, 1756.

It has been alleged that Vice President Hendricks was very much offended because a degree was not conferred upon him by Yale college during his recent visit to that institution. Whatever Mr. Hendricks' feelings may be upon the subject it is quite apparent that the reasons ascribed to him for taking offense are not valid ones. Mr. Dexter, the secretary of the college, says that only upon three occasions have the orators at the commencement exercises of the law department received degrees, and that consequently there was no established precedent to follow in the present case. He further states that Mr. Hendricks' departure from New Haven could not have been precipitated by the supposed slight, as he had made his arrangements for going to Cambridge before he reached New Haven.

THE COMING MAN.

The Coming Man (sing): The Coming Man Evolved, nation since the world began By Energy Divine; the Man forsook Forevermore, whom Hope and Faith behold.

All voters that he hear, all voters read: From the part of every voter and freed; Cut out pages of Creation's book; In life itself for life's deep secrets look; Intent to heart and spirit his brain. The seventh essence of the truth to gain. He shall be humble, yet exultantly bold; He shall be gentle, yet exultantly bold; Where Science lifts her daring, flambeau high He greets the glowing torch with fearless eye; Where, and the known, Religion wings her flight.

His solemn gaze pursues her starry light. Not knowledge only enters in the plan And consummation of the Coming Man, And not belief alone, however true. The best is not to rest, it is to do. The Coming Man shall be a man of deeds Employing substance and supplying needs. His wisest word shall bear a fitting act, And all his speculation bound to fact; The goodness of his deeds shall prove By logical results of active love.

—W. H. Treadwell, in The Current.

BROUGHT BACK.

CHAPTER I.

There was a time, since I have been a man, that I have known my name, but I am pleased to say that I know now. I am John Fenchurch Oaks. My father always called me Pemp; but that makes no difference, for my father had nothing to do with the awful experience which I am going to relate.

At the age of twenty-five I was the trusted book-keeper for the large wholesale firm of Pigman & Gray. Pigman, who really carried on the business, made no attempt to disguise his appreciation of me. You know that I appreciated this, when I tell you that I was in love with Carrie Pigman. I first met her while I occupied a "trustworthy" position in the store, but I never should smile upon me. She used to come to the store nearly every afternoon and it was not long until I began to eagerly wait for her. One day when she came in, her father was out. Passing by every one she appeared to me said:

"Mr. Pemp, do you know where papa has gone?"

"No, I do not."

"Do you know how soon he will be back?"

"No. He said nothing to me about his going. When he has information to impart he communicates it to some one occupying a higher position than the position I fill."

"Oh, yes, that is true, but I'll sit here until he comes, that is if you don't care."

"Of course, I do not care. You must please excuse me as I am compelled to go about my duties."

"Oh, no, stay here and talk to me, Mr. Pemp."

"I really cannot. If I do, your father will give me a blowing up when he comes back."

"Oh, no, he is not so bad as that. He is very kind and understanding."

"Not with anything that concerns me."

"Can't help it, Miss Carrie. I must go about my duties."

She pointed in a most charming preface of anger as she turned away, and I was half inclined to return and talk to her, but knowing that my daily bread depended on my position, I shut out the bright picture. When Mr. Pigman returned, I heard her say:

"Papa, Mr. Pemp is such a stubborn young man."

"Why do you think so, Carrie?"

"Because I asked him to talk to me and he said that he was compelled to do his work."

"He acted rightly, my daughter, and I respect him for it."

"But I was lonesome."

"That makes no difference. The young man has duties to perform, duties which I have entrusted him with, and any plan to neglect them would prove him to be unworthy of my confidence."

These declarations made me additionally careful in the future, and it was not very long until I was promoted to the position of chief book-keeper.

One afternoon Mr. Pigman invited me to take dinner with him at his house. It was the first time that he had ever extended such an invitation, and I was half inclined to refuse. I accepted it, but I must have been ill disguised, for Mr. Pigman looked at me and smiled. Carrie was radiant and Mrs. Pigman whom I had never before seen, beamed upon me a cordial welcome.

After dinner we had music, and when evening came, Carrie and I went to the theatre. How joyous she was; how light-hearted and gay. I loved her and I could see that she loved me. Indeed, she made no attempt to conceal it. As we were going home I told her of my love—asked her to marry me. We kissed each other at the gate.

The next morning I was much surprised and not a little embarrassed when Mr. Pigman said to me:

"Mr. Pemp, you will never be brought back, when you know that I love you?"

"Yes, I have been directly. Unless that door and I'll present you with the finest foot-race you ever saw. Oh, I'm a jack-rabbit when I turn myself loose. I once ran from Kansas to prohibition."

"I don't know what to do," she sobbed.

"Unlock the door. Say, a fellow came in here yesterday with a coffin on his arm. I am in favor of the Russian idea. I like beautiful coffins. There is nothing prettier than a coffin. It may not last as long as the black ones but it is more attractive."

"Do you ever read anything?" she asked.

"No, the people who keep this boarding house don't let me. It is cheaper, though, to buy good tea at the outset. Put your pot on the back part of the stove, carefully covered, so that it shall not lose its heat and the tea is done. Let remain there five minutes. Then drink it."

"Drink your tea plain. Don't add milk nor sugar. Tea-brokers and tea-sellers never do; tea-pickers never do; the Chinese never do. Milk contains fibrin, albumen, or some other such stuff and the tea, a delicate amount of tannin. Mixing the two makes the liquid turbid. This turbidity, if I remember the cyclopaedia aright, is tannate of fibrin, or leather. People who put milk in tea are therefore drinking boots and shoes in mid disguise."—*Wong Chin Foo in Cook.*

When we were seated, I explained the cause of my sudden cure.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm all right; I'm original and have a right to be leached out."

"You are either drunk or crazy," he said.

"I'm drunk," I told him that he had insulted an American paragraph and I wanted to fight him, but a policeman came up and separated us. I went to the store and began work on my books. Mr. Pigman, I noticed, regarded me curiously. After a while he came to me and said:

"Oaks, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, why?"

"On your books I noticed the words 'leached out,' and 'soid.' What do you mean?"

"I tried to explain to him but he could not understand. I told him that he was original and had a perfect right to be leached out but that the Irish porter ought to be solid, and credited. 'If you don't know where he came from,' said I 'you'd better credit him to exchange.'"

Still he did not understand. His obtuseness angered me, and seizing a poker I was about to strike him when the uncredited Irishman rushed in and disarmed me. Then there came a darkness through which I could scarcely see. The sunbeams on the window-sill fell like shadows. I lost my recollection. When I regained it, I was in a sort of prison. The light had returned, but my mind was still dazed. Carrie appeared at the grated door.

"Hello, Carrie," said I.

"Oh, I am so glad you know me," she rejoined, pressing her face against the bars.

"Know you, why I have known you for some time. I have known you eighty-seven years."

"It's a fact. I wouldn't tell you a lie. I got acquainted with you eighty-seven years ago the first of last June and the last of July."

"How strange it is that I should remember all these foolish things, but I do; I remember them clearly."

"Mr. Pemp, are you never going to get well? You have been in this asylum two years. Oh, if you hadn't gone insane we would have been married."

"I laughed at her. 'Married,' I exclaimed, 'why we were married forty-six years ago.'"

"She laughed into tears. 'You are perfectly gone,' she said. 'I fear that you will never be brought back.'"

"Oh, I'll get fit straightened out after awhile. The credit system is improving. I saw an odd looking fellow yesterday, that was credited to exchange. A few weeks ago he would have been run in as original. The ready print fellows are doing the square thing. So don't fret."

She wept for joy. I thought, and when she had gone, I sat down and congratulated myself upon the prosperous condition of the country press. It may have been months, but it only seemed to be a few minutes, when I looked up and saw Mr. Pigman.

"How are you getting along?" he asked.

"First rate," said I.

"Does your mind seem to be getting any clearer?"

"My mind is as clear as a bell, sir. It is as clear as the Arkansas sunshine and as strong as mountain moonshine."

"You sighed. 'I earnestly hope that you may be brought back, but I do not see much chance. I have sent for several leading doctors. They say you are gone.'"

"Four doctors, who looking old fellows, came and examined me. It was fun for me. They tickled me nearly to death. They undoubtedly said something to Pigman, for shortly afterward he came around and said:

"The doctors say that your case is hopeless."

"All right, I'll take care."

"They say that you once had a very strong mind, but that it is entirely gone, or that is, hopelessly shattered."

"Give me a little straight."

"They declare that your case is a remarkable one, and advise your friends to come around and talk to you."

"All right, help yourself."

"Carrie will be around in a day or two."

"All right, tell her that as soon as I collect my occupation tax from the city council, I will pay her for washing the six shirts."

"Poor fellow!"

"Yes, haven't a cent at present."

The next morning—though it may have been longer—I looked up and saw Mr. Pigman looking at me.

"How's crops?" I asked.

"Oh, Mr. Pemp, you will never be brought back, when you know that I love you?"

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"Well, sir," said he, "when Carrie found it, she took it between each dribbling seed. A plow or horse hoe keeps the intervals froshed up, when the thousand head cabbage, or other hardy variety, previously sown in a nursery bed in autumn, is planted out toward the close of March, and a line distance of twenty-six inches. By the end of July the beans are removed and the ground they occupied is loosened up to mold the cabbage. The latter can be stripped about Christmas, and is ready for use until the end of March, when they can be eaten down by breeding sheep."

In the Atlantic states, from Maine to Virginia, 65,000 tons of land plaster and 60,000 tons of stucco—about 125,000 tons—were made in 1884, of which nearly all was from Nova Scotia gypsum. The statistics for Michigan have not been reported, but the production did not vary greatly from that in 1883, in which year it was 10,000 tons. In the land-plaster and 100,000 barrels (of 300 pounds) of stucco. In Ohio 4,217 short tons of land plaster and 20,377 barrels of stucco were produced. There was also a small production in other parts of the country, but the total amount of domestic gypsum used is not known.

Dr. Sturtevant, of the New York experiment station, says that careful experiments have shown that unripe tomato seeds will grow and give a crop of fifteen days in earliness over ripe seeds. I seed such a crowd of corn for table use will grow and produce earlier crops than ripe seed, but plants from immature seed are more feeble than those from ripe seed. The relative merits to be in proportion to the relative merits of the seed from which the plants have been raised. The practical question to be determined is how to combine both earliness and vigor in the same plant.

A petition to the Canadian government is in course of signature among Montreal cattlemen which sets forth the necessity of adopting regulations to provide a larger standard for space on cattle steers. By long experience the trade has learned that space of eight inches by eight feet. This is more than was formerly deemed necessary, but as of late years the size and quality of Canadian export cattle have been steadily improved, an increased allowance of space has become requisite for the transportation of the animals in good condition.

The Mexicans stand in need of a more efficient method of raising the crop of their fibrous plants, and especially those belonging to the agave family, so that without injury to the fiber the pulp can be removed. Excepting only manilla, there is no better natural material for cordage than the agave. The old fiber looked hard and much by the machine, but because it cannot be economically prepared for market, hundreds of thousands of tons of this material every year go to waste, being left to rot on the ground or being burned to fuel for the sugar mill. The way in the pulque districts, where the plant is grown for its juice.

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The "Big Woods" of Minnesota well deserve the name, for they cover 5,000 square miles, or 3,200,000 acres of surface. These woods contain only white oak, black oak, hickory, basswood, elm, cottonwood, tamarack, and enough other varieties to make an aggregate of over fifty different kinds. The hardwood tract extends in a belt across the middle of the state, and is bounded by the Red River on the west and the Mississippi on the east. It is an immense pine region, covering 21,000 square miles, or 13,400,000 acres.

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The Company's.

A married lady got upon a street car the other day, and wished to go to Carmine street. She applied the conductor to the fact, but he refused to be troubled to inform her when she arrived at her desired destination. Every street car she would go out on to the platform to see what was the matter, and consequently was subjected the conductor to all sorts of annoying questions. Eventually at one street car she asked the conductor:

"Is this Carmine?"

"No, madam," politely replied the conductor. "It belongs to the company."

—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

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DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Great Value of Small Fruits to a Farmer's Family—Industrial Benefits.

Small Fruits on the Farm.

I always advise the growing of plenty of small fruits on the farm, writes a correspondent of *Vick's Magazine*, not as a matter of profit in the way of dollars and cents, but because I believe that such products are conducive to the health and pleasure of the family, therefore profitable in the best meaning of the word. In no other way can so much variety in the line of fruit be secured. The woman who undertakes to set before a family daily on a farm where little or no attention is paid to the growing of small fruits, a bill of fare which shall not be open to the charge of monotony, finds herself often at her wits' end to accomplish her undertaking. Potatoes, meat, and bread, and butter are all good in their way, but we tire of a repetition of them day after day, and wish to have something new. The skillful housewife will contrive various attractive dishes from the limited list of material which most farms afford during the winter, but she will sigh for "something new" also. For the most part, the "new" is easier to be placed the palates of the "moderns" when she has a variety of material at hand to work with. With plenty of fruit, canned or dried, at her disposal, she can concoct pies, puddings, and sauces which will afford the desired variety, and act as "relish" for the more substantial articles of food. But on not one farm in ten, I think I can safely assert, is there sufficient enough grown to supply the family through the winter. This is not at all should be.

Some farmers are under the impression that there is a "knack" in growing fruit which prevents any but the professional grower from succeeding with it. Others think it is "mysterious" work, like gardening, therefore they never undertake it. Some begin making a collection, but they soon lose their enthusiasm, and in a year or two they have abandoned the idea. When in a piece of grass, and the ground is in a "does't" pay to bother with it. It does not pay to "bother with it" in that way, but it does pay to set out strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, and grapes, and cultivate them well. The amount of space and labor required is greatly overestimated in the opinions of most persons who have no practical knowledge of small-fruit growing. They have no idea of the amount that can be raised on a small piece of ground well cared for. The labor of attending to the plants is not an eighth or a quarter of an acre each year that you grow your corn and you can grow small fruits to perfection. Let the soil be made rich and mellow to begin with; after that keep the weeds down, and give the plants proper attention in watering and in some cases protection in winter, and that is about all you have to do. You can do all the work at times when you can not work to advantage in the fields. A half hour now and then with the hoe will keep the ground clean and mellow around the currants and the raspberries, and between the rows and among the strawberries you can use a hand-cultivator, thus making the labor continued and more expeditious. If every farmer would start a small-fruit garden, I venture to say his wife would find some means of keeping it cared for, if he did not, before she would go without the production of it.

The expense is small to begin with. In many neighborhoods one can procure all the plants he cares for by digging them up, for owners of gardens always prefer to give away unneeded plants rather than to sell them. In some cases, however, it is better to buy, and most kinds will meet thinning out yearly. But if one has to buy plants the outlay is small, for dealers grow them so extensively nowadays that they are very cheap.

With a little care you can have fruit for table use all through the summer, and there can be enough canned for winter use with but little trouble or expense. When fruit is put up in cans, it is best to use a sterilizer, and to have the water in the can as hot as you can get it. If you buy canned goods, you don't know all about it. It may be good and healthy, and it may not.

Industrial Benefits.

Wire fences are not a new thing under the sun. As far back as 1816, they were in limited use in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. The wire was manufactured by White & Hazard, at their wire works at the Falls of Schuylkill. The first wire fence was made by Richard Peters, president of the agricultural society, dated Jan. 2, 1816, the use of wire fences was recommended, and an elaborate calculation was given to show the economy in their use. It was estimated that speaking of the strength of a wire fence they said: "We have given it a fair trial at the Falls, with the most brazen cows of the neighborhood, and it is remarkable that even dogs and hounds, when eating in the fall unless there are facilities for applying water."

A paper published at Phillips, Mo., says: Of the ten sheep lost by Gilbert Kempton last year two pelts were recovered, found, carefully rolled up and hidden away under a log. Bears have a very neat way of skinning sheep, tearing the pelt open the length of the belly, and often taking it off without any injury.

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It is now reported that not a case of foot-and-mouth disease exists in Great Britain.

The Company's.

A married lady got upon a street car the other day, and wished to go to Carmine street. She applied the conductor to the fact, but he refused to be troubled to inform her when she arrived at her desired destination. Every street car she would go out on to the platform to see what was the matter, and consequently was subjected the conductor to all sorts of annoying questions. Eventually at one street car she asked the conductor:

"Is this Carmine?"

"No, madam," politely replied the conductor. "It belongs to the company."

—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

The palace which the City of Marseilles presented to Napoleon III. is now used as a cholera hospital.

THE BEST SHOW.

How an Arkansas Man Slipped Into Sam Jones' Gospel Tent.

Martin Griggs, known in eastern Arkansas as Bad Martin, was in Little Rock the other day. He did not, through evil deeds, gain this unenviable name, but won it by his paroxysms of rage and his almost ceaseless habit of swearing.

"Martin," said a friend, "they tell me that you have professed religion."

"Yas, Abe, it's a fact. I ain't cussed none for more than two months. W'y, sah, tuther day when the old spike-tail boss hit a mouthful of hair upon my head, I gritted my teeth, but didn't cuss. My wife expected to hear me cuss a sulphurous streak, but I smiled after awhile an' quietly took the hair out of old Spike Tail's mouth. 'Here, mother,' says I, 'handin' the hair to my wife, 'you can stuff your own cushion with the hair of that old fellow.'"

"What was the cause of this great change?"

"Sam Jones and the Lord."

"You heard Sam, did you?"

"Oh, yas. I went up to Nashville to make arrangements for sellin' a lot of Arkansas whisky for Robertson county. I hadn't heard a sermon since I was a boy, w'y wife she couldn't git me to go to church. Wall, the first night after I got to Nashville, I was walkin' round and saw a big tent. 'Hello,' thinks I, 'here's a place I'll go in for I ain't seen a church here in a long time.' My wife never did see such a crowd. Folks jammed agin one another like I was watered that wasn't goin' to be seats agin. I scrooged my way along, but couldn